

The Lady's Tragedy;

O R,
The Languishing Lamentation of a *London Merchant's*
Daughter, who dy'd for Love of a Linnen Draper.

To the Tune of *The King of Gold.*

Licensed according to Order.

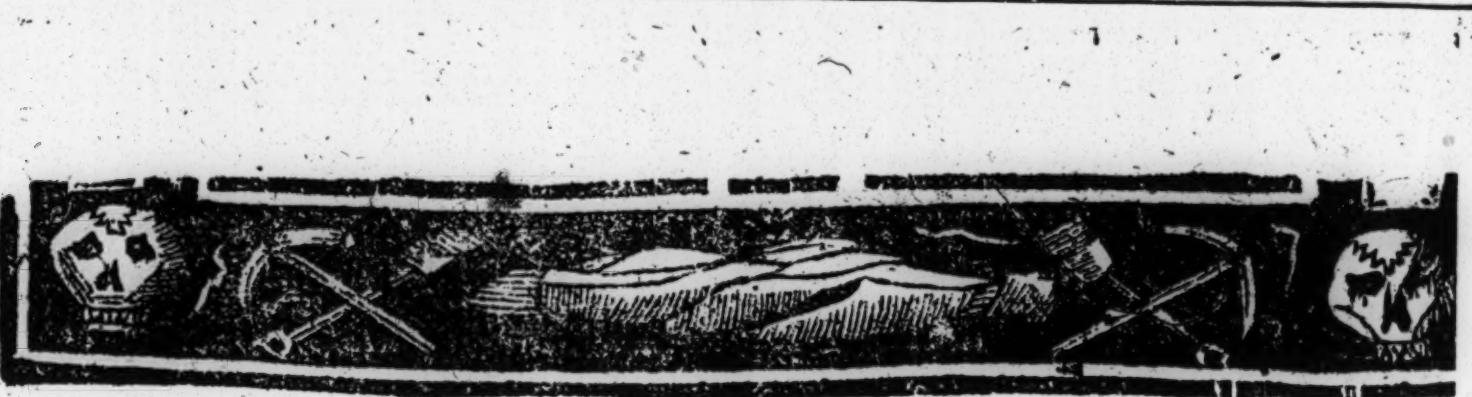


Why is my Love unkind?
why do's he leave me?
Why do's he change his mind,
and strive to grieve me?
He hath some fair One found,
this I discover,
And therefore seeks to wound
his loyal Lover.

I call'd to mind the Now
which once he made me:
Can he forget it now,
and thus degrade me?

Yes like a Witch he can,
and flatter many,
There's no belief in Man,
no not in any.

They Serpent-like deceive
young silly Women;
Who can their Oaths believe,
since it is common
for them to swear and lye
when they are bewing
The grandest Villany
to probe our Ruine?



When at my Feet he fell,
and did implore me,
His Sorrows to expel,
seem'd to aboie me :
I out of meer Good-will,
bewan'd his Dity ;
Kind Hearts must suffer still ;
the more's the pity.

While he sad Sighs did fetch,
just as if dying,
His Hand to me he'd stretch,
often replying,
Your Rocky Heart of Stone
feels no relenting,
Though for your sake alone,
I lie lamenting.

Down from his melting Eyes
Tears they were flowing,
As he with fesigned Cries
said, I am going
To the Elizium Shade,
where Lovers wander,
Whose Lives have been betray'd,
Hearts rent in sunder.

This said, My Heart did bleed,
and melt within me ;
To him I ran with speed,
his Words did win me :
Streightway I granted Love,
and Pledges gave him ;
Rather than guilty prove,
I'd dye to save him.

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Thus from his wretched State
did I restore him ;
But O unhappy Fate !
I fall before him ;
In Chains of Love I lie,
loaden with anguish ;
Now let me, let me die,
why should I languish !

Why did I not, when born,
my Breath surrender,
Rather than bear the Scorn
of my Pretender !
The torment whch I feel
this very hour,
Alas ! I would conceal,
but ha'n't the power.

The News to him will go,
how I lamented ;
Which he shoud never know,
could I prevent it ?
He that could cringe and bow,
fick to enjoy me,
Then strive, and study how
he might destroy me.

Farewell my Parents dear,
Father, and Mother ;
You'll lose your Darling dear,
though you have no other :
Yet never weep for me,
since I am going
Where Joys shall ever be
like Fountains flowing.

